

# Good 547 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Laugh is on You, Bill Hawkeswood

UNCLE and Auntie Emery, next July, and she is now swotting shorthand as hard as she can. Doreen says she is looking forward to the Christmas holidays. They say they have not heard from you for four months. But they received a letter from a Naval chaplain; he said you were well and very happy.

Said Auntie Emery: "Our Bill was a proper scream. He was always fooling about, and we just long to have him home here with us." Uncle Emery chimed in: "And I want him back so that I can tuck him up in bed. I always put him to bed when he is on leave."

Your Mother was out—she was visiting friends and was going to be home late, much too late for "Good Morning" to await her return. But we got the news from the rest of the family.

Joyce hopes to leave school

George Padmore is now married to a girl from Bristol, and Mr. Husband, from the Olton Congregational Church, often calls at your home enquiring after you. Your brother Horace in the R.A.F. is now home on 14 days' leave. He is on Transport planes; and George is still in Italy. They could not tell us about your girl. Sorry!

Auntie Emery said: "I guess he has one in every port. Give him our love and kisses, and tell him to come home as soon as he can."



"Do you remember Bill and the umbrella?" Auntie Emery is saying.

## MIGHTY ATOM, GREAT GUY, WILL HANG UP HIS SHOES

NO athlete has done more to further British sport abroad than wee Sydney Wooderson, the 5ft. 5in. "mighty atom" of the track. As a miler, and half-miler, Wooderson has had few peers; as a sportsman he stands out for his modesty and good sense of proportion.

After nearly ten years in the very front rank, Sydney Wooderson, at the age of thirty, is to hang up his track shoes for the last time at the end of the coming season.

In future the small man with the big heart will concentrate on cross-country running, a side of the sport in which he has already shown his paces to great advantage.

The "bundle of concentrated energy with the brain of ice," as I have heard Wooderson called, is typical of the British sportsman who, before the war, proved that he still could beat many international "shamateurs."

Sydney was a solicitor before he joined the British Army, and unlike many foreign sportsmen, who did little work, put in eight hours at his office before, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in the company of his coach, Albert Hill, going to the Battersea Park

After 10 years of front-rank racing, Sydney Wooderson, the 5 ft. 5 in. "bundle of energy with brain of ice," has decided to retire from the track reports

JOHN ALLEN



The solicitor ceases to defend his sprinting title.

track to put in his usual training spell.

Sydney Wooderson, when a small boy, was so frail that his parents moved into the country so that he might benefit from the fresh air.

This was a good move on the part of the Woodersons, for young Sydney thrived on the open-air-life, although he did not appear to gain much in height or weight; but by the time he was thirteen he had won his first race—a school 440 yards championship.

Later, in 1933, he won the Public Schools Championship, setting up a record for the mile. Two years later I saw him twice defeat the great Jack Lovelock.

### RACING MACHINE.

What made Wooderson, the tiniest champion of all time, such a great track performer? There are several reasons: first the great coaching of Albert Hill, himself a great champion just after the last war; second, Wooderson's desire to do the right thing by himself, his aim to keep fit and follow his trainer's instructions; third, a wonderful natural stride, the power of which is out of all proportion with his size; fourth, natural racing ability.

It was always interesting, before the war, when he had time to train properly, to watch Wooderson taking heed of everything Albert Hill told him.

The champion—yes, even after he set up a new world record, in 1937, of a mile in 4 mins. 4/10ths seconds—never thought that he knew everything.

He kept his head, kept his pace, and gained more and more popularity with the passing of years because he was—still is—the type of man every sports follower when you mention him, says

"Yes, he's a great guy. Such a modest champion, too."

Prior to any big meeting in which he would be taking part Sydney Wooderson would not put in an appearance to gain a few hand claps.

He'd appear on the track when his race was due, win, and then, just as quietly as he appeared, disappear into the dressing-room.

By rigidly keeping to a prepared diet Syd Wooderson was able to keep to his best "running weight." A glance at his pre-war menu is interesting, for it shows what goes in the making of speed and stamina.

Here it is: Breakfast: Bacon and eggs, wholemeal brown bread and weak tea; sometimes a cereal. Lunch: Usually at a City restaurant where he had what was on the menu. Dinner (two courses): A joint and two veg. Milk pudding or stewed fruit. Supper: Glass of milk and crisp bread.

Just prior to the war the great British public became used to reading every week-end that Sydney Wooderson had broken yet another record. The little spectacled runner, in his all-black Blackheath Harriers outfit, became better-known than the men commanding the various Services!

When, however, defeat went his way, the whole of Britain became very concerned. In fact, after a "Mile of the Century" race at Princetown, U.S.A., Sydney Wooderson, I leave, I, like many thousands of well remember when he re-turned to Britain, appeared to

be less concerned than many British people.

You may remember that this race, when Wooderson was said to have been charged—and the news-reels pictures certainly gave one the impression—left a nasty taste in many mouths. But Wooderson, instead of making excuses, just smiled: "It's all in the game."

A world record holder who can make such a statement after a defeat, as everyone agrees, is a real sportsman!

Since the war Sydney Wooderson's mile record has been beaten by two Flying Swedes. It would be unfair to match Wooderson with them while the war is on. People, especially those far from the war, do not appreciate that we in Britain have gone short of many essential things and that we are working or fighting so hard that no time can be given—at least, not so long as before 1939—to training for sport.

I would hazard this opinion, however: Had Wooderson met the two Swedish stars without Europe being in flames he would have been victor.

In 1939 there was not a miler this side of the Atlantic to really "push" Wooderson. Had there been, he would possibly have been the first man to run a mile in four minutes dead.

Now, at the age of thirty, he is retiring. When he does finally leave, I, like many thousands of other folk, will say: "Running was all the better for his presence."

## He's Real "Desert Rat," Sto./P.O. A.C. Jameson, D.S.M.

CONGRATULATIONS, Stoker P.O. A. C. Jameson, D.S.M., on being the father of a baby who can be awakened from his afternoon nap and smile.

When we called at your home at 68 Church Street, Birkenhead, nine-months-old

Francis Carlisle had to be called from slumber to let you have this picture.

Your wife says you had an early picture of him, but this one will show you how he's progressing. He has six teeth now—a real "Desert Rat," like his Uncle Francis, after whom he's named.

Christmas was in the air when we paid our visit, and Francis was to hang up his stocking and have a grand "first-timer."

By the way, if he's not laughing in the picture, don't blame us for waking him up. Blame a motor-lorry that passed at the time and attracted his attention.



## Home folk send greetings to P.O. Raymond Caley and Stoker J. W. Jones

IF you find a submarine in the house when you go home again, P.O. Raymond Caley, you'll know that your brother Brian got his Christmas wish.

Your mother told us that she had promised him one, but she did not say where it would come from.

Anyway, whether Brian gets his submarine or not, a good Christmas was being prepared at 54 Trafalgar Rd., Wallasey, when we called. Father was due home on leave, and brother Jack was coming, too.

It will be a happy gathering, and some of the good things are being saved for you.

Your mother says, "Don't be too long in coming home to sample them."

WE found your mother very busy, Stoker J. W. Jones, when we called at 5 Juliet Street, Poulton, Wallasey.

She was getting ready to have the kitchen decorated. During a respite she showed us a recent photograph of brother Tommy looking well and wearing shorts somewhere in India. Robert, too, is very fit and still sweeping the Channel.

Mother told us how keen you were to "go on the water," and she hopes you are still enjoying the life as much as ever.

When you see the kitchen, don't think you are in the wrong house. Your mother certainly seemed to be planning a surprise for that next leave.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning,"

c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## Why you should never show your donah to a pal is illustrated in this "TWO-DAY" yarn by W. W. JACOBS

# MATED

THE schooner *Falcon* was ready for sea. The last bale of general cargo had just been shipped, and a few hairy, unkempt seamen were busy putting on the hatches under the able profanity of the mate.

"All clear?" inquired the master, a short, ruddy-faced man of about thirty-five. "Cast off there!"

"Ain't you going to wait for the passengers, then?" inquired the mate.

"No, no," replied the skipper, whose features were working with excitement. "They won't come now, I'm sure they won't. We'll lose the tide if we don't look sharp."

He turned aside to give an order just as a buxom young woman, accompanied by a loutish boy, a band-box, and several other bundles, came hurrying on to the jetty.

"Well, here we are, Cap'n Evans," said the girl, springing lightly on to the deck. "I thought we should never get

here; the cabman didn't seem to know the way; but I knew you wouldn't go without us," though, ain't it? Oh, what a large ship!"

"Here you are," said the skipper, with attempted cheerfulness, as he gave the girl his right hand, while his left strayed vaguely in the direction of the boy's ear, which was coldly withheld from him. "Go down below, and the mate'll show you your cabin. Bill, this is Miss Cooper, a lady friend o' mine, and her brother."

The mate, acknowledging the introduction, led the way to the cabin, where they remained so long that by the time they came on deck again the schooner was off Limehouse, slipping along well under a light wind.

"How do you like the state-room?" inquired the skipper, who was at the wheel.

"Pretty fair," replied Miss Cooper. "It's a big name for it though, ain't it? Oh, what a large ship!"

She ran to the side to gaze at a big liner, and as far as Gravesend besieged the skipper and mate with questions concerning the various craft. At the mate's suggestion they had tea on deck, at which meal William Henry Cooper became a source of much discomfort to his host by his remarkable discoveries anent the fauna of lettuce. Despite his efforts, however, and the cloud under which Evans seemed to be labouring, the meal was voted a big success; and after it was over they sat laughing and chatting until the air got chilly, and the banks of the river were lost in the gathering darkness. At ten o'clock they retired for the night, leaving Evans and the mate on deck.

"Nice gal, that," said the mate, looking at the skipper, who was leaning moodily on the wheel.

"Ay, ay," replied he. "Bill," he continued, turning suddenly towards the mate, "I'm in a deuce of a mess. You've got a good square head on your shoulders. Now, what on earth am I to do? Of course you can see how the land lays?"

"Of course," said the mate, who was not going to lose his reputation by any display of ignorance. "Anyone could see it," he added.

"The question is what's to be done?" said the skipper.

"That's the question," said the mate guardedly.

"I feel that worried," said Evans, "that I've actually thought of getting into collision, or running the ship ashore. Fancy them two women meeting at Llandalock!"

Such a sudden light broke in upon the square head of the mate, that he nearly whistled with the brightness of it.

"But you ain't engaged to this one?" he cried.

"We're to be married in August," said the skipper desperately. "That's my ring on her finger."

"But you're going to marry Mary Jones in September," expostulated the mate. "You can't marry both of 'em."

"That's what I say," replied Evans; "that's what I keep telling myself, but it don't seem to bring much comfort. I'm too soft-hearted where wimmen is concerned, Bill, an' that's the truth of it. D'reckly I get alongside of a nice gal my arm goes creeping round her before I know what it's doing."

"What on earth made you bring the girl on the ship?" inquired the mate. "The other one's sure to be on the quay to meet you as usual."

"I couldn't help it," groaned the skipper; "she would come; she can be very determined when she likes. She's awful gone on me, Bill."

"So's the other one apparently," said the mate.

"I can't think what it is the gals see in me," said the other mournfully. "Can you?"

"No, I'm blamed if I can," replied the mate frankly.

"I don't take no credit for it, Bill," said the skipper, "not a bit."



"Which is the one who is a good horsewoman?"

My father was like it before me. to nurse you," retorted Bill. The worry's killing me."

"Well, which are you going to have?" inquired the mate. pair.

"Which do you like the best?" "I don't know, an' that's a fact," said the skipper. "They've both got money coming to 'em; when I'm in Wales I like Mary Jones best, and when I'm in London it's Janey Cooper. It's dreadful to be like that, Bill."

"It is," said the mate drily. "I wouldn't be in your shoes when those two gals meet, for a fortune. Then you'll have old Jones and her brothers to tackle, too. Seems to me things'll be a bit lively."

"I hev thought of being took sick, and staying in my bunk, Bill," suggested Evans anxiously. "An' having the two of 'em

"Nice quiet time for an invalid," Evans made a gesture of des-

"How would it be," said the mate, after a long pause, and speaking very slowly; "how would it be if I took this one off your hands?"

"You couldn't do it, Bill," said the skipper decidedly. "Not while she knew I was above ground."

"Well, I can try," returned the mate shortly. "I've took rather a fancy to the girl. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said the skipper, shaking hands upon it. "If you git me out of this hole, Bill, I'll remember it the longest day I live."

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today



5. What literary work was burned by a servant, and re-written from memory?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? L, S, H, K, O, G, U, T, M, P.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 546

1. A sterlet is a fish, sweet omelette, plaster moulding, young starling, small boat steered by an oar?

2. About what is the weight of an express railway engine in England?

3. What are Napier's Bones?

4. How many native languages are spoken in the British Isles, and what are they?

1. Shaft for pumping up water.

2. Counters; you would play on a table like shove-halfpenny.

3. Twelve kings, four queens.

4. Aramaic.

5. Sphinx.

6. Copper is red; others are yellow or white, and there are at least two of each.

## I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE dog track betting boom has resulted in millions more pounds being staked with totalisators all over Britain. And "there's every indication," according to the Churches' Committee on Gambling, "of an even bigger boom when war-time restrictions are lifted."

Heading the list of increases for the year are Birmingham (three tracks) and Rochdale, where "tote" takings are up 82 per cent.

In the London area, where racing took place on twenty tracks in 1943, the totalisator receipts amounted to more than £28,700,000—nearly as much as the total for all the other tracks throughout the country.

Totalisators on one London track alone took £5,579,036.

Thanks to Bill Millier, "Good Morning" salaries don't boost that total to any noticeable degree. (He knows the story of every dog, trainer and track, and puts forward a sound reason why each dog won't win—so we don't bet.)



DESPITE the huge salaries earned by some film stars, it is amazing to note how frequently their fortunes have dwindled in their old age.

The late John Barrymore earned, during his stage and screen career, about £250,000, and at one time was stated to be drawing £70,000 a year. When he died he was worth about £2,500.

The late Jean Harlow, at the height of her career, earned about £700 each week, but only left about £8,200.

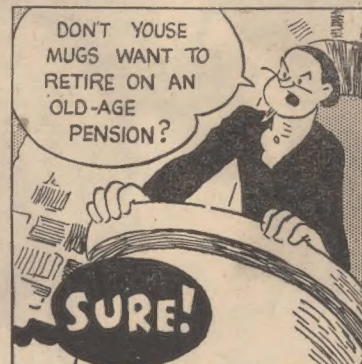
There have been many instances where well-known actors and actresses have died almost in poverty.

There is now a move ahead in Hollywood to institute a system of old-age pensions to give security to people in the business when they retire.

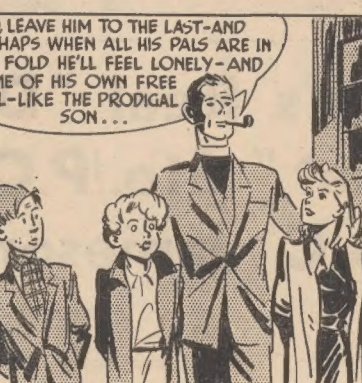


SHORTEST nursery rhyme: Once upon a girl there was a time . . . !

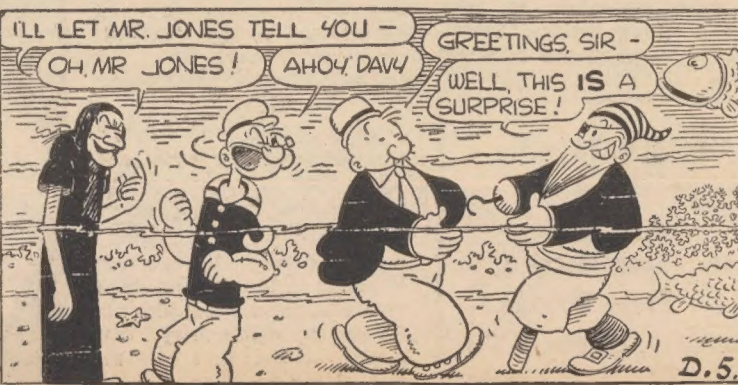
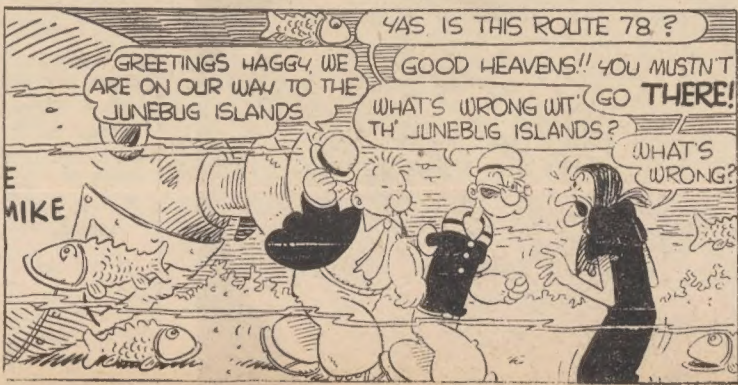
### BEELEZUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





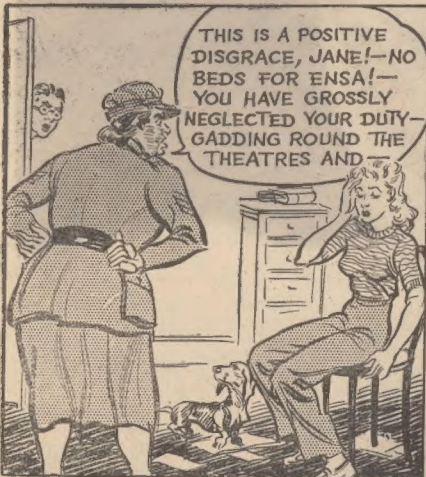
# WANGLING WORDS—486

1. Insert consonants in \*E\*E\* and A\*\*A\*\* and get two groups of islands.  
2. Here are two items from the grill whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
NOCUSSA — ABAGE.  
3. If "forty" is the "fort" of numbers, what is the fort of (a) Ease, (b) Luck, (c) Courage?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 485

1. NAPOLEON, CHARLEMAGNE.
2. GRIFFIN — PHOENIX.
3. (a) Deportment, (b) rapport.
4. Lad-le, S-lice.

# JANE



# MATED

(Continued from Page 2)

With these words he went below, and, after cautiously undoing W. H. Cooper, who had slept himself into a knot that a professional contortionist would have envied, tumbled in beside him and went to sleep.  
His heart almost failed him when he encountered the radiant Jane at breakfast in the morning, but he concealed his feelings by a strong effort; and after the meal was finished, and the passengers had gone on deck, he laid hold of the mate, who was following, and drew him into the cabin.

"You haven't washed yourself this morning," he said, eyeing him closely. "How do you s'pose you are going to make an impression if you don't look smart?"

"Well, I look tidier than you do," growled the mate.

"Of course you do," said the wily Evans. "I'm going to give you all the chances I can.

Now you go and shave yourself, and here—take it."

He passed the surprised mate a brilliant red silk tie, embellished with green spots.

"No, no," said the mate deprecatingly.

"Take it," repeated Evans; "if anything'll fetch her it'll be that tie; and here's a couple of collars for you; they're a new shape, quite the rage down Poplar way just now."

"It's robbing you," said the mate, "and it's no good, either. I ain't got a decent suit of clothes to my back."

Evans looked up, and their eyes met; then, with a catch in his breath, he turned away, and after some hesitation went to his locker, and bringing out a new suit, bought for the edification of Miss Jones, handed it silently to the mate.

"I can't take all these things without giving you something for ling, and she got it; for a more wait a bit."

He dived into his cabin, and, had never been seen on the deck after a hasty search, brought of the *Falcon*, and his London out some garments which he betrothed glanced at him hot with placed on the table before his shame and indignation.

"Whatever have you got those things on for?" she whispered.  
"Work, my dear—work," replied the skipper.

"Well, mind you don't lose any of the pieces," said the dear, suavely; "you mightn't be able to match that cloth."

"I'll look after that," said the skipper, reddening. "You must excuse me talkin' to you now. I'm busy."

Miss Cooper looked at him indignantly, and, biting her lip, turned away, and started a desperate flirtation with the mate, to punish him. Evans watched them with mingled

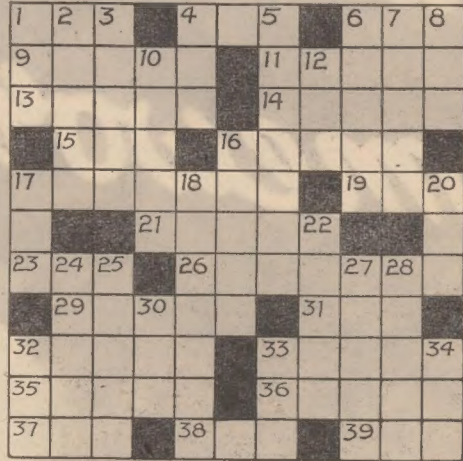
feelings as he busied himself with various small jobs on the deck, his wrath being raised to boiling point by the behaviour of the cook, who, being a poor hand at disguising his feelings, came out of the galley several times to look at him.

## READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

Two broom vendors met in a London street.  
"Ang it all," said one, "I don't see 'ow you can sell these 'ere blooming brooms fer a shillin'." I steals the brush, and I steals the wire, and I steals the 'andles, an' I can't sell 'em fer a shillin' and make any money on 'em."  
And the other replied, "Why, I steals 'em ready-made."

# CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Vigour.



CLUES DOWN.

1. Equal footing. 2. Pick. 3. Musician. 4. Bird. 5. Long steps. 6. Tag. 7. Spring up. 8. Colourless. 9. Vehicle. 10. Electrified particle. 11. English county. 12. Sort of dog. 13. Uprightness. 14. Hound. 15. Sticky stuff. 16. Run off. 17. Minister's home. 18. Lurch. 19. Confuse. 20. Proper. 21. Soft cake. 22. Cricketer. 23. Note of music.

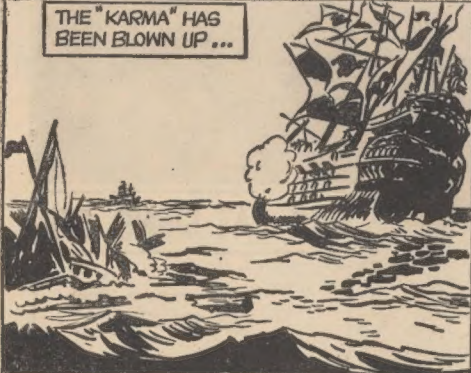
4. Owns. 5. Rule. 6. Girl's name. 7. Coronet. 8. Yorkshire town. 9. Bird. 10. Drink. 11. Has a meal. 12. Sat. 13. Guided. 14. Loiter. 15. Sapphire. 16. Fodder. 17. container. 18. Burdened. 19. Heavy. 20. Extra pay. 21. Swallows. 22. Spill. 23. English. 24. Born. 25. Nevertheless. 26. Fish.

MINIM SPADE  
ONE ACTIVE  
SCANT AGENT  
TOPICAL RYE  
M THREES X  
BEAR R LEFT  
O DECADE U  
ROD UNICORN  
ERUPT STORE  
ACETIC ZOO  
ELEGY SHEWN

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# JEAN KENT

LOVELY red-head Jean Kent, chief amongst the up-and-coming stars under contract to Gainsborough Pictures, comes from a family of beautiful women. Her mother, Mildred Noakes, was a famous ballet dancer, for many years a member of the corps de ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and later travelled the world with Pavlova. She had two great-grandmothers who were famous "beauties," Miss Frances Proctor, a Frenchwoman, known as "The Beauty of Calcutta," and Miss Georgina Millgate, the "Kentish Beauty." It is no wonder, with such ancestors, that young 23-year-old Jean Kent, with her russet hair, hazel eyes, sparkle, and fascinating ways, should be No. 1 pin-up girl to the Forces.

Jean was born in London on June 29th, 1921, and educated in a convent, and later at the Bedford College of Dancing, Dulwich. Her mother and father were both on the stage, her father being a member of the famous Norman Leonard Trio. Jean travelled with her parents, who were doing a double act at the time, and made her debut in ballet in 1933 at the Theatre Royal, Bath, when her mother hurt her ankle.

From that date on Jean made regular appearances as a dancer, joining the Windmill Theatre chorus in 1935, later becoming a soubrette. In 1938 she left the Windmill to tour with Ernie Lotinga, and after touring in different revues for another year, appeared in "The Gate Revue" in London in 1939. 1940 saw her at the Criterion in "Come Out of Your Shell," followed by leading role with Max Miller in "Applesauce."

It was in 1941 that the roving eye of Gainsborough's casting director saw Jean at the Palladium in this show, and in 1942 Jean became a Gainsborough starlet and made her debut in "It's That Man Again." A series of "build-up" roles brought Jean through "Miss London Ltd." to a leading part in "Bees in Paradise."

In "Fanny By Gaslight," to be shown in London early in May, Jean was promoted to a fine part as Lucy, flighty girl friend to Phyllis Calvert. "2,000 Women" and "Blue for Waterloo" followed in quick succession, and then in "Madonna of the Seven Moons," now in production at Shepherd's Bush. Jean secured one of the acting plums of the film season. She is also currently working in "Champagne Charlie," on loan to Ealing Studios.

Jean Kent is unmarried. She is seriously continuing her acting career—that can come later, says this bright young star. When Jean is not acting, which is very seldom, she has two unusual hobbies—French polishing and writing humorous verse.

DICK GORDON.



Good  
Morning

# Sailors' Homework

Lovely Ann Sheridan probably appears pasted on more bulkheads than any other star — if we are to judge from the stream of requests for her picture flowing constantly into Warner Bros.' Studios from all the Seven Seas. No request is ever refused, and this gracious lady of the screen cheerfully risks writer's cramp in her efforts to fulfil the demand for autographed pictures.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Would anyone care  
for *My* autograph?"

